

in spite of the fact that they have been placed in the same kind of water.

This is especially true of fish that are used to basking in the sun of the mid-tropics. Such an experiment was tried recently, and with dire results. Four hundred fish were taken from the waters of the tropics and sent to a northern climate.

The fish were given plenty of water of the same temperature they had lived in, sunlight and room in which to swim about.

The tanks in which these fish were placed contained from ten to fifty gallons of water, which was kept at a constant temperature throughout the voyage. In spite of these precautions very few got accustomed to their new environment.

The belief in the special luck, good or bad, attaching to certain days of the week is as old as the hills. Some great men have believed that particular days of the month were specially propitious to them.

Napoleon's day was March 20, Cromwell's was September 3, the great Emperor Charles V. saw his star in the ascendant on February 24, and so with others.

But the belief in specially lucky days of the week has been much more general than that in certain days of the month. The mighty and the humble, the civilized and the barbarous, have alike shared in this belief.

Louis XXII of France set store by Friday, and when he lay dying on a Thursday, vainly longed for a few more hours of life, which might have brought him to his lucky Friday.

Pope Sixtus V had a special regard for Wednesday.

Notwithstanding Louise XIII of France, Friday was, and in many places is still, considered an extremely unlucky day.

In former times few people would have ventured to be married on a Friday; and it is asserted that the first fisherman who dared to thwart the popular superstition by having the nuptial knot tied on that most fateful day was greeted by his fellow-villagers with an uncere-monious shower of pots, pans, cats, eggs, and many other less useful and more unsavory missiles. This seems strange, inasmuch as Friday is dedicated to the goddess of marriage. It is said of Lord Byron that he held Friday in most undisguised dread; while Dickens, on the other hand, regarded it as a very lucky day.

To whistle on Friday, to pare the nails on Sunday, and to shave or get one's hair cut on Monday were alike provocative of misfortune.

The average length of life of horses at the front is said to be about a couple of months. There are thousands of lives of horses being sacrificed daily in this war between mankind. Mules, camels, etc., are being used for transport work, and are helping man to fight man much to their own cost.

But has it ever occurred to you that if all the useful animals in the world were to organize themselves for revolt against the cruelties of man, they would outnumber any human army that could be brought against them, even if every man, woman and child of every race under the sun marched from the four corners of the earth to join its ranks?

It was estimated a short time ago that there were nearly 600,000,000 sheep in the world, and these would outnumber the Chinese by more than 100,000,000, and by more than 200,000,000 outnumber the white populations of the present warring nations. The horse could form a cavalry division of from 90,000,000 to 100,000,000; then there would be a corps of 7,000,000 mules, and another 9,000,000 jackasses to bring supplies to the front. About 100,000,000 goats could furnish milk and wool, while 21,000,000 buffaloes

could stamp Spain out man by man.

Meanwhile, 2,000,000 camels could campaign in their own familiar conditions of deserts and dry places, and 900,000 reindeer could sweep the northern climes.

There are, as nearly as can be estimated, about 1,500,000,000 useful animals in the world. The United States leads in the population of swine, Australia with sheep, while European Russia and the United States are about equal in horses. British India is the principal home for the goat, and Asiatic Russia—not Egypt, as is generally supposed—holds more camels than any other part of the world.—New York Telegraph.

THE FROHMAN WIT

Numberless instances of the late Charles Frohman's ready wit are being recalled by his friends. "He was quicker than a flash of lightning," said Louise Nethersole. "Everybody knows his telegram to Charles Dillingham on one occasion. Mr. Dillingham had been summoned to New York to consult his chief. A delay on his train caused him to wire to the Frohman offices: 'Washout on line; will report as soon as possible.' Speeding along the wires flashed Mr. Frohman's prompt response: 'Never mind your wash; buy a new shirt and come at once.'" A pleasantry much attributed to Oliver Herford was really Mr. Frohman's mild rebuke to a pushing person. It was some years ago and C. F. and Arthur Wing Pinero were lunching at the Princess restaurant when a man unknown to both hustled across the room, clapped the manager on the shoulder and with a cheerful greeting to both his victims: "Hello, C. F.! Hello, Pin! Don't you remember me? I'm Hopkins."

"Ah, Mr. Hopkins," said Mr. Frohman, "can't say I remember your name, and I don't recall your face, but your manner is deliciously familiar, you know."

"Your American spelling always bothers me," said Haddon Chambers once when writing a note at Mr. Frohman's desk. "Do you spell highball with a hyphen?" "No, with a syphon," said C. F. smoothly.

Lunching at the famous old Red Lion at Henley-upon-Thames one Sunday James Barrie, Alf Hayman and Haddon Chambers were discussing possible phases of the drama. "One of us two Scotch covenanters ought to dramatize the sacred epistles," suggested Mr. Chambers.

"What are the sacred epistles?" asked Mr. Hayman.

"Why, the epistles are the wives of the apostles, of course," explained Mr. Frohman.

BLAKE'S SEER-LIKE VISION

William Blake at times was called the mad poet because he had visions and talked with the dead, but he wrote many beautiful things. His poem, "Gwinn, King of Norway," was one of his productions (1783), yet, as the following excerpts show, it can well be applied to the Europe of today:

The husbandmen does leave his plough
To wade through fields of gore;
The merchant binds his brows in steel,
And leaves the trading shore;

The shepherd leaves his mellow pipe,
And sounds the trumpet shrill;
The workman throws his hammer down,
To heave the bloody bill.

Earth smokes with blood, and groans and shakes
To drink her children's gore,
A sea of blood; nor can the eye
See to the trembling shore!

And on the verge of this wild sea
Famine and death doth cry;
The cries of women and of babes
Over the field doth fly.

The god of war is drunk with blood;
The earth doth faint and fall;
The stench of blood makes sick the heav'ns;
Ghosts glut the throats of hell!

O what have kings to answer for
Before that awful throne;
When thousand deaths for vengeance cry,
And ghosts accusing groan!

He went to dine with a bachelor friend who prided himself that his few pictures were gems. After having enjoyed themselves well—too well, in fact—at dinner, they adjourned to the picture-gallery, where the host pointed out to his guest a landscape, saying: "What do you think of that, my boy—eh?" The following reply was hiccoughed, rather than spoken: "Beautiful, old chap—very fine—awf'ly good! Trees wave 'bout so na'shally."

The late Lord Roberts once sent his orderly to the bank to cash a check and the clerk wanted it indorsed.

"What for?" demanded the sailor.

"Well it's the rule, and I can't pay you the money until you do indorse it," he was told.

"Oh, all right," grumbled the messenger. So he took back the check and bit the end of his pen in deep meditation for a minute or two. Then he wrote this:

"I beg to say I have known Lord Roberts for several years and he has proved himself, times without number, to be as brave as a lion, but always kindly considerate to those who serve under him. And I have, therefore, great pleasure in respectfully indorsing his check."

The kaiser's dependence on the Milwaukee vote looks like the biggest piece of sagacity since Spain in '98 thought that the South wouldn't fight.—Boston Transcript.



American Beauty Beer

is a light brew of
the Pilsner type.

You'll like this beer
as it contains none
of the distressing
after effects found
in other beers.

Phone your dealer or
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Salt Lake Brewing Co.